

*Make haste get you home,*

*For fear of the clappers,*

*They'll knock you down backwards :*

*Make haste get you home.*

*Take care of your young,*

*Tell them of the clappers,*

*That knock you down backwards :*

*Take care of your young.*

*Tom Trot will be just,*

*While he has the clappers,*

*To knock you down backwards,*

*Tom Trot will be just.*

*To good Farmer Rye,*

*For they are his clappers,*

*That knock you down backwards :*

*I serve Farmer Rye.*

*Tom*

*Tom Trot* was famous over all country for keeping the birds away for no sooner did he begin to than they all took to their wings, fled with the greatest precipitation; not that *Tom* had a bad voice, no, he had a tolerable good one; they knew that he would be as good as his word if they came within reach.

But *Tom* did not keep this ployment long; he was too good a boy to be passed over with neglect. A gentleman, therefore, who lived in the town, took particular notice of him one day as he was riding in the field when *Tom* was singing,

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